WORK, NOT VOTES, FOR WOMEN

THAT IS A PRACTICAL QUESTION IN GERMANY.

Girl Messengers the Latest Development in Berlin—Feminine Workers in Uniform—Hard Tasks for Women in Many Parts of Europe—Women Miners

Work for women rather than votes is a subject that is always ripe for discussion among German sociologists. There may be some question as to women voting, but if Germany is to maintain her large military establishment there can be no question as to their working. Work they must. The sociologists are occupied, therefore, not with investigating or regulating the necessity for their working but in reforming their hours and improving the conditions of their toil.

In spite of the fact that there is practically no field of labor, particularly unskilled labor, that is not open to German women, every once in a while they hit on some new occupation so well adapted to them that the wonder is that no one thought of assigning it to them long before. Not long ago the messenger boys of Berlin went on a strike. The people were having difficulty in getting work done when several girls, equipped with their own bicycles, came forward and applied for the strikers' places.

No one had thought of girl messenger boys before, but the manager decided to try the idea anyway and put the girls at work.

Naturally they were violently opposed in their new duties by the strikers, but they were plucky and stuck to it. They were trustworthy, and before many days the manager of the company was looking for some more like them. The number of girls so employed has steadily increased, until now it is a fully recognized calling for girls and young women.

Berlin, although it is accustomed to women workers of every kind, although it will watch without the least excitement women staggering under huge loads of wood piled on their heads and strapped on their backs, has not quite accustomed itself to the messenger girls, and the sight of one of them in her natty uniform and cap speeding thrugh the streets on a bicycle is sure to cause a general turning of heads.

In Germany women accept the garb of their calling quite as simply as they do the calling itself. Just as the messenger girls take a pride in their spick and span uniforms, so the nurse girls in the parks take pride in the snowy whiteness of their aprons and headdresses and even attempt to excel one another in the size and elaborateness of their caps. In America it is difficult to induce a nursemaid to wear any kind of distinctive uniform when she takes her young charges out. Even the much prized French nurse fresh from Dieppe will, after she has been in the park a few times and endured the gaze of the crowd and the scornful comments of her more sophisticated fellow nursemaids, demand to exchange her picturesque native costume for an American rig.

A new occupation for the women of Munich was opened to them on the completion of the new street railway some years ago. At that time a number of women applied for work as switch tenders. This was regarded as man's work and only a few of the women were taken on to be placed in the remote parts of town, where their duties were neither very heavy nor very important.

DUTCH WOMEN WORK HARD BUT ARE OFTEN PICTURESQUE.

Like the girl messengers of Berlin they soon earned their right to their jobs, for they proved efficient and little by little they pushed the men out, until now the work is practically given over to women. They wear a green uniform and a green Tyrolean hat. There is always a bench on the street corner for them to sit on and if the corner is not a busy spot they spend their time between passing cars in knitting.

There is one restriction put on this work. It is not open to young women. It has been found that they were too prone to flirt with the passengers and employees on the passing cars, so in order to protect every one no woman under 30 is employed.

Although Bavaria does not publish the fact unduly it is generally acknowledged throughout Germany that in this State women have a harder time than in any other part of the empire. The Bavarian peasant women, eager for relief from the bitter loneliness of their huts in the highlands, flock down to Munich, where until recently it was their highest ambition to secure work as street cleaners. All work of that kind is done by women, and incidentally the streets of Munich are considered the cleanest of any European city; but since switch tending has been added to the employments open to women they have shifted their hopes, and a green uniform with a bench on a street corner now represents their highest ideal of congenial employment.

The many who fail to achieve work as either street cleaners or switch tenders can always fall back on the occupation that has caused much indignation among American women visitors to the city. They can always get work as hodcarriers.

Women do almost all this kind of work on the new buildings in Munich. They not only mix the mortar but carry it as well, staggering under the huge hods of it, as well as the brick, up ladders to the tops of the buildings. It is very hard work, and not even the big, sturdy peasant women can stand it very long. They usually give out under it by the time they are 30. After that their last resort is to break stone.

The natural work of women throughout all Europe seems to be as carriers. Perhaps men scorn such humble work or perhaps they are not physically so well adapted to it, but in any event the women are the burden bearers.

In Brittany women deliver the milk from house to house, carrying the huge cans on top of their heads. In southern France bread is delivered from door to door in a similar way. Everywhere it seems to fall to the women's lot to carry the huge loads of hay and straw from the fields to the barns.

On the island of Capri the women have so taken over the work of carriers that they have come to be fairly the express wagons for the villages. The trunk of the American tourist landing at the little wharf is lifted by two men onto the head of a straight backed woman who walks firmly away with it up the steep road to the village.

Behind her comes a motley stream of women bearing everything from a big basket of oranges to a grand piano, this latter object requiring the efforts of of thesturdy daughters of the islands Practically everything that comes to Capri from the outside world is carried up the hill and distributed among the villages by women laborers. There are no horses on the island and the cost of keeping a donkey is so great that it is found much cheaper to have the women do the work.

ONE OF THE NEW MESSENGER GIRLS IN BERLIN.

A HOP PICKER IN KENT.

The one part of the work of the French sardine fisheries that is not undertaken by women is the manning of the fishing boats. Thus far that remains the exclusive right of the men, but as soon as the boats have come up to the wharf, white with the caps of the women and ringing with the noise of their sabots, as soon as the filmy blue nets have been raised to dry, the men's work is done.

They then take out their loaf of black bread, break it up into a bowl of boiled fish and water and settle down for a meal and a nap while the women assume the work of unloading the boats, carrying the baskets of fish up to the wharf to sort and weigh them and then trotting briskly and noisily off with them to the cannery, where the fish are turned over to another lot of women, who in less than an hour have the shiny, silvery little fish neatly packed and sealed up in tin ready for market.

It is said that in Belgium women work harder than in any other country in Europe. Nowhere else are they employed to the same extent in the coal mines at work so difficult and from the American point of view unnatural. In all the Belgian coal mines women work on the surface, handle the coal and push the carts. In some of the mines they are not permitted to go below the surface, but in most of them they go down into the shafts and handle a pick with the men.

There are something more than 10,000 of these women coal miners in Belgium, and recently even the slow moving Belgian authorities have been roused to take action to alleviate the conditions under which they work. The pay of the woman mine worker amounts to from $3 to $5 a week.

All Belgium is practically a huge garden in which the work of tilling the soil and planting and gathering the crops is done by women, often working in regularly organized gangs under a man boss. The dairy work of the country is likewise given over to the women, who are ably assisted by the dogs. It is said that the Belgian Government has passed laws regulating the treatment of these dog workers, but the treatment of the woman who works at the dog's side remains unregulated.

It is in Holland that the woman and dog team is most often seen, and there the woman dairy worker is found in greatest numbers. The Dutch women work in the fields too, and like the other European peasant women they appear to take no interest in what is going on around them. When a train passes the field the men will stop work, lean on their rakes and perhaps wave their hats, but the women work stolidly on, never lifting their eyes from the ground.

The Dutch milk wagons are a source of never failing delight to the tourists. The big brass cans, the shaggy panting dogs laboring along under the little carts and the weather bronzed woman clattering along beside in her sabots make a picture that is never seen out of Holland. They are everywhere, in the cities, along the country roads, and even on the canalboats, whose aid they call on to get more quickly and easily to their destination.

The work of the Dutch women on the canalboats was for a long time a source of indignation to those people who saw a symbol of degradation in the broad leather belt and stout rope by which the women dragged the canalboats back and forth. Conditions have changed recently and the sight is seldom seen now. The change was not made because the women objected to the work or because of the comment that was made on it, but solely because steam towing could be done so much quicker as to make it cheaper.

On the island of Marken in Holland every woman works, and a child becomes a woman so far as appearance is concerned at the age of 6. Prior to that age the little boys and the little girls are all dressed alike. After that age the little boy's clothes are those of his father in miniature, while the little girls are tiny editions of the mothers, even down to the two long curls that hang outside their caps.

At the age of 6 a child is considered capable of going to work. Usually that work at first is tending the smaller children who have not yet come to the glory of grown up clothes while the mother and older sisters are at work among the fish or mending the sails or nets. So the work of these youngest little women of all Europe is that of little mother.

England has long assumed an attitude of disapproval toward the way the Continental women labor and the hard, degrading conditions under which their work is done, but in taking this attitude she overlooks the way the women in certain parts of Ireland work in the peat bogs, often in water and mud almost to their waists, and the way the women of the northern part of England work, if not in the coal mines at least around the coal, sorting it and loading and unloading the cars.

No philanthropist objects to one kind of field work in which women find employment in large numbers. That work is hop picking in England, for to pick hops in a Kentish garden on a fine day is not the worst labor to which a woman can be put.

There are whole families in the East End of London who look upon the hop picking season as a holiday time, and annually make pilgrimages to Kent to offer their united services to the harassed grower who must employ what labor he can to get his hops off the vines when they have reached the proper condition. They come from the slums of London in hundreds—men, women, children and babes in arms. What shelter they will have they know not, nor how the elements will treat them. All they can be sure of is that they will have a few weeks of country air and daily work, not difficult, and fairly well paid.

Members of families choose a section of the garden where they can work together. You may often see a father, pale and emaciated, working on the vines, near him his bent wife and three or four of their children, while close at hand will be a dilapidated perambulator with the last and the next to the last of the babies sleeping peacefully. When the weather is fine hop picking is practically a health cure for these stifled slum children.

WONDERFUL HEADDRESS OF THE GERMAN NURSES.

OUTDOOR COOKING IN BRITTANY.

"NO CHECKS CASHED," ALL SAID

REBUFFS FOR AN ACTOR WITH ONE ON UPPER BROADWAY.

The Check Was Perfectly Good, but Finding Some One to Cash It Involved a Five Hours Quest—Lack of Confidence in Humanity on the Rialto.

If you are in the theatrical business and some one hands you a check and you try to get it cashed on upper Broadway—well, your work is cut out for you and before you get through you'll probably believe that you haven't a friend on earth and that every one is suspicious of your financial standing and honesty. These were the experiences of an actor who tried to get a check cashed one afternoon last week.

This actor knows nearly every manager along Broadway well enough to call him by his first name. He has bought drinks for dozens of times, has been treated each oftener and he thought he stood pretty well with the profession until he tried to get the check cashed.

That morning he had secured an engagement, had promptly touched the manager for an advance of $50 and had received a check on the Knickerbocker Trust company. Now, the actor didn't know one at the Knickerbocker Trust company and his only banking acquaintance was one of the tellers at the Mutual bank. The check didn't reach him until after 3 o'clock and naturally he couldn't get the money at any bank except the Night and Day, where he was unknown.

He just stop in the Empire Theatre and get Tommy Shea to cash it for me," he murmured, and with a smiling face he approached that manager, whom he had known for ten years. Shea had paid him the salary many times during the runs of different plays at the Empire.

But Shea threw up his hands in horror when the check was mentioned.

"Positively against all rules," he protested. "I know you are all right, and I have no doubt the check is, but Mr. Frohman has an iron clad rule prevailing at all his theatres—no checks cashed at any time for any one. Even Mr. Hayman couldn't get a check cashed here without Mr. Frohman's orders. It isn't any doubt we have about you, old man, but it's simply a rule because we've been stung so often with bad checks."

"But look at the name on this check," began the actor.

"Can't help it," replied Mr. Shea. "I'd cash it for you personally if I had fifty dollars of my own money with me, but I haven't. However, if you want me to lend you five——"

"No, thank you," responded the actor, loftily. "I don't have to borrow money yet. I merely came to you to ask for a favor, but I see I came to the wrong place."

With a great deal of indignation he marched from the Empire Theatre.

"No use trying any of the theatres," he muttered. "They all have the same rules, no doubt. Wonder what would happen at the Hotel Knickerbocker if I tried it there."

Going into the barroom, where he had spent many dollars as a member of the Forty-second Street Country Club, he ordered a highball and slipped the cashier a perfecto as he whispered something about a check. If he had poked a gun under the man's nose the effect would have been the same.

"Impossible!" he said. "No checks."

"But look at the name," protested the actor. "You know me. I'm in here every day, and this check is signed by one of the biggest names in this business, a man who owns three theatres on Broadway."

"No use," replied the cashier, tersely. "Might be a forgery. Nothing doing—pony up."

With an imprecation the actor handed over his last fifty cent piece in payment of the drink check and stalked loftily from the bar, determined to ask the proprietor of the hotel.

Mr. Regan was affability himself, but he politely explained that it was the rule of the house only to cash checks for guests of the hotel, and then only guests who were fully identified.

"Thank Heaven there's one haven for the actor anyhow," muttered the actor, as he walked up the Rialto. "That's the Lambs Club. To be sure I'm not a member there, but I can easily get some member to indorse the check for me."

He headed for the fold on Forty-fourth street.

After ten or fifteen minutes of inquiry and sending in his name to half a dozen or more men a fellow actor who was a Lamb came into the reception room.

"Come in and have a drink," cordially said the Lamb. "Glad to see you, old chap; haven't heard of you since we met in Butte last winter. Well, well, and what can I do for you?"

Over the bar the subject of indorsing a check was broached. Instantly the hospitality cooled.

"Terribly sorry, old man," said the Lamb. "Just between you and me I'm posted at the club, and I can't very well ask the office to cash a check for me, no matter who signed it. They'd wonder why I didn't pay my bill, you see. Awfully sorry. Have another drink."

Two or three other Lambs gave different excuses. One of them made it a rule never to indorse any one's paper, another was posted, a third frankly said that he didn't feel himself justified in doing such a thing for a man he only knew in a professional way. Finally just as the actor was about to leave disgusted a fourth Lamb offered to sign his name to the check and to ask the office to cash it, but this Lamb, it should be added, hoped by so doing to collect $5 which the first actor had owed him for a pinochle game dating back two seasons. The actor with the check was so anxious to exchange the bit of paper for real money that he readily consented to pay the $5 for the pinochle game.

"Sorry, gentlemen, but I can't do it to-day," said the clerk at the office. "We have cashed so many checks to-day for members that there isn't that much cash in the drawer. Perhaps later we can do it."

Wearily the actor tried another club, the Friars. He had friends there. But the Friars, a club composed of theatrical press agents and business managers, had adopted a very important rule about cashing checks. No check could be cashed for any one, even a member, unless it was first indorsed by the abbot, John W. Rumsey.

"Where is Mr. Rumsey to be found?" asked the actor.

"His office is in the Lyceum Theatre," was the answer.

"But I can't walk into the office of a gentleman I have never met and ask him to indorse the check of a stranger," protested the actor. "I have many friends here who would introduce me to Mr. Rumsey if he were here, but I can't drag them with me to his office."

It availed nothing for the clerk to explain that the Friars had cashed several checks for some of its own members with disastrous results and the loss of a few members before the rule had been adopted.

"Surely there is some place on upper Broadway where men have confidence in their fellow men," murmured the actor, as he strode forth. By this time it was getting dark; it was almost dinner time, and he was beginning to feel the effects of his hospitality at the Lambs Club.

"If Churchill's were only open," he speculated, "the Captain would surely do this for me; but George Rector—well, I haven't the nerve to ask him."

The way that check was finally cashed was simplicity itself, though it took some time. Weary of being turned down, and after vainly trying to get various friends he met upon the street to help him to get the check cashed, the actor took it in person to one of the theatres owned by the manager who had given it to him.

Even then he was told by the assistant treasurer that he would have to wait until 7 o'clock, when the regular treasurer went on duty. The regular treasurer inspected the check carefully, said he had no doubt it was all right, but that before he could cash any checks he would have to get the manager's O K on it.

"Hasn't the manager already signed the check?" protested the actor wearily.

"Yes, but he will have to O K your indorsement," said the treasurer.

At precisely fifteen minutes after 8 o'clock the manager who had given the check to the actor about 3 that afternoon strolled into the theatre. The actor explained the situation, and the manager strolled over to the box office.

"Charley," he said, "cash this check for Mr. Blank, will you?"

Charley counted out ten $5 bills with a nonchalant smile, and murmured:

"We've been stung so much, you know, that we have to be careful."

What the actor said couldn't be printed.

Cause for Surprise.

From Success.

Some years ago Frank A. Munsey, the magazine man, hired a private secretary. Speaker Reed dropped in to call on Mr. Munsey, who was an old friend of his. The secretary said that Mr. M nsey was engaged.

"All right," said Reed, "I'll wait."

At the end of half an hour Munsey's door opened and the publisher appeared showing his caller out. Seeing the Speaker he grasped his hand and dragged him into his office. An hour later, when Reed had gone, Mr. Munsey called his secretary.

"Look here!" he said, "what do you mean by letting Speaker Reed wait unannounced half an hour?"

"Wa-wa-wath that Mr. Reed?"

"It certainly was."

"Why, I thought it wath the Rev. Dr. John Hall," said the secretary.

"Dr. Hall has been dead two years," answered Munsey, severely.

"I know it," replied the secretary. "Thath way I thought it wath tho very peculiar."

THE KIND OF AUTO HE WANTED

NEEDS OF A MAN WHO WOULD BE A KINGPIN AT HOME.

The Dealer Showed Him One of Those Noiseless, Self-Starting Contraptions and the Customer Explained Why It Wouldn't Do—Sport With a Motor.

He came into the salesroom with the air of a man who had the price and said: "I want to buy an automobile."

"What grade of car have you in mind?" the sales manager asked.

"Well, either black or red," he replied.

"Of course you can have any finish of body or color you please," said the manager. "Have you made up your mind as to power and cost?"

"Oh, I'm not particular about that, so long as the machine suits me."

"Well, just step outside," said the manager. "I've got something there that might interest you. Now here," opening the hood, "is one of our regular six cylinder stock cars. What do you think of that motor?"

"Does she do all right?"

"Wait and see."

The sales manager took a look at the speed lever, saw that it was set at neutral and remarked: "She's been standing hours, but I guess she's held her compression in some of the cylinders."

He touched a small lever and the motor began to hum. He watched the machine with an expression of admiration and asked, "How's that?"

"No noise?" said the prospective buyer.

"Not a bit," replied the sales manager, "except the click of the air valve, and you wouldn't hear that if the hood was closed. Absolutely silent muffler."

"No blue smoke blowing out?" the man remarked.

"Perfect mechanical lubrication," said the salesman; "all you have to do is to keep oil in your lubricating tank."

Then the salesman sounded the chime.

"Sounds like the beginning of a hymn," observed the would-be buyer.

"But what you want to know about," the salesman went on, "is construction. Now, these cylinders are bored with absolute accuracy, after being cast of the finest gray metal. The rings are machined to perfection, the connecting rods—I'll show you one inside—are of the toughest bronze, the boxings on the crank shaft are fastened with nuts, locknuts and cotter pins, the wristpins are bushed with the best anti-friction metal, every wearing part of steel is case hardened and will wear like the jewelled bearings of a chronometer, the carbureter is the latest non-flooding——"

"Did you say you furnish them painted either red or black?" the customer broke in.

"Certainly, sir; but that is a minor——. One moment, excuse me."

By the time the sales manager had returned the possible customer had made up his mind as to what he wanted to say next. There were certain deficiencies, in his way of thinking, in the car that had been shown to him, but he would inquire the price painted either black or red.

The salesman told him he would demonstrate the car in the crowded streets of the city, on the country roads, at hill climbing and running through sand and named the price.

"Now whaddye think of that proposition for a swell car?" said the sales manager.

"Well, it seems to be all right, all right," replied the man, "but it's just this way: Down where I come from there are maybe a dozen automobiles now and the fellers that own them are the kingpins of the place. I've the money now and I want to be in it with them—I mean to be ahead of 'em.

"When they're getting ready to start out the town knows there's something doing. Do I want an automobile that I'll fade away in noiselessly and never be missed unless I fail to come back before the week is out?

"Let me tell you what they do. They call in the neighbors to help them back the machine out of the shed. When it is straightened around they open the cover of the engine and monkey with all the contraptions inside. After they have done this for a while they knock off and go to dinner. The crowd stays and watches for them to come back.

"Then they monkey with the insides of the thing some more, shut up the cover, twist some things in the box of the wagon and go around in front of it. They get hold of the crank and look over their shoulders to see if the way ahead is clear. The women have all the youngsters out of the road and crowd them back against the fences.

"Then the automobilist turns the crank, and turns it some more. He goes back and monkeys with something in the box and comes around in front and turns again. After turning the crank for a while he throws off his coat and uses his handkerchief.

"Then he gives her another whirl and she starts up, knocks him over, breaks off a hitching post and stops. He picks himself up, says he forgot to set the speed control at neutral or neuter, or whatever it is, and has her backed into the road again.

"After a lot more cranking she begins to play a sort of devil's tattoo on the atmosphere. She makes a noise like tearing off clapboards and winds up with an explosion that sets the babies squalling and the dogs howling. Then she drops into a sort of double shuffle sound, and after he has twisted some more things in the wagon box he settles down to about the noise you hear in a boiler factory.

"Then he gets in, squeezes out of the rubber ball a squawk that makes the frightened youngsters tip over backward, and he's off. A streak of blue smoke from the tail of the machine makes everybody sneeze, and as they watch him disappear in a cloud of dust and smoke they can hear the squawking of the chickens as they fly over the fences.

"That's what I call automobiling. With this contraption you have shown me I wouldn't be in it. I would slide out of view without being noticed, as if I had crawled under the back yard fence and sneaked away.

"What I want is a regular automobile, you understand? You may have something later that would suit me and perhaps I'll call around."

The Mullet in Gulf Waters.

From the Pascagoula Chronicle.

The mullet has always attracted a goodly share of attention. His frame is not circumscribed by the boundaries of the Gulf. Whether the visitor be from the Atlantic or the Pacific coast or from the shores of the Mediterranean or the Baltic, he wants to see, examine and feast on the mullet.

He is the best known fish that swims. Some have a prejudice against him, but like all feelings of this nature it rests on an unsubstantial foundation. It cannot bear investigation, for the mullet plays a greater part in appeasing the craving for sea foods than any fish that inhabits the waters of the Gulf. He is here in summer and winter, in fall and in spring. When the fisherman contemplates his plight, when luck is against him and a feeling of depression creeps over him, the mullet, always ready to give him a helping hand, rushes into his seine and contributes to his fortune and to the gastronomic pelasure of the thousands of people to whom they are shipped. He is a regular standby. In prosperity and in adversity he is always here in abundance.